

Careless whisper by mischiefunicorn

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Summary:

Listening to music a Saturday after a fun day with the party get Steve carried away. Dancing around the living room a careless whisper escapes and the night takes a whole new direction...

So so heavily inspired by Careless Whisper
By Wham

Careless whisper

Steve and Billy had become friends against all odds after the craziest fall in Steve's life. he went through a roller coaster through the gates of hell and surprisingly enough survived. You could even say gained more than he actually lost. Fucked up right? He got a little brother of Dustin and he loved the curly headed pearl toothed geek to bits. And all the other twigs too. With the kids he had to face Billy and after a under stated rocky start they actually got along really well. Max had shown her claws and gotten dominate alpha Billy to actually submit to her. All the twigs looked up to her because of that. And so did Steve. And when you got past Billy's stupid posturing he was actually a really sweet and funny guy. Would you believe? Steve didn't either until he was constantly proven wrong. Yeah they still got into fights, sometimes even physical, and Billy would storm off and stay away a few days and then come back like nothing ever happened. Steve didn't like it, it was immature and stupid but he had learned the hard way that some dogs are too old for new tricks. So he decided it was best to just accept certain things. Like he had to accept a lot of fucking crazy shit lately. Some more unbelievable than other. That other dimensional monsters existed. And some more mundane but possibly even crazier.

So when the spring came leaving trails of blooming fields and greening trees after it Steve had found Billy to be his best friend. Nancy had been it since they started dating, even after they broke up and she got together with Jonathan in less than a day. But Steve got over it, more with Dustin's help than he care to admit. And after the few first awkward, jealous and bitter weeks Steve accepted that they were never meant to be. The initial hurt felt both more and less with the fact that they had pretend to love each other for over a year. Or more like Nancy pretended, Steve had loved her at first. Not that he even knew what love was. But it was all in the past and they got better along being just friends. Or more like siblings, in the new found family of freaks Steve had gotten pulled into after Halloween last fall. Steve didn't complain though, it was nice to have a family that felt like a family after being a lonely child as the only son of the Harrington's that were mostly on business trips anyway. But it had only made Steve independent, he could take care of himself. And the

kids. And it felt like he had to babysit Billy too. And it actually was the standing joke of their family, mom-Steve and all his kids.

And secretly, Steve loved it.

As the summer neared and everything woke from a deep slumber, the nature waking up to a fresh start, Steve noticed Billy changing too. Relaxing, exhaling. It had to be the California blood that flowed in Billy. The more sun the more skin he could show again the more free he became. More self confident. Not even Neil and his shit could take Billy's lifted spirit down. Even if he seemed to try even harder, causing Billy to be at home as little as possible. The summer vacation made it possible for him to hang out at Harrington's most of the time.

And secretly, Steve loved it.

He worked at the ice cream place at the new mall the summer and even if he hated it it gave his life some structure and the kids loved it, getting way more free ice cream than Steve would ever admit. So Steve liked it enough to not quit after two days. And the new girl Robin was nice too. They hit it off with Billy well and sometimes it made Steve feel weird things. But he chose to ignore the gnawing in his gut when ever they seemed to be flirting shamelessly. Robin did that with Steve too, but it was different. Flirting but at the same time she made him feel like a child, always pinching his cheek and babbling to him, calling him sweetie and things like that. Did it mean they had something special, her and Billy? Steve thought he and Billy had something special. A friendship he had never experienced before.

He decided not to think about it. Ignore the feelings in his gut all together. Billy stumbled on a job in a garage near the mall and luckily their shifts were mostly the same so Steve found himself enjoying being drove around in the Camaro. First he hated the car, the malice growl of the engine, the aggressive revving and screeching of tires, the heavy rumble you heard at least a mile before seeing the car. And maybe it was because at first he hated Billy, he and the car was the same, growling, aggressive, posturing, but after getting to really know Billy the car felt friendlier too. And he had started to like the attention he got in the car, ray bans on face, hair blowing in the wind, wide smile. They felt closer with Billy, free and wild. It had become their thing. Sometimes something else crept into his chest,

leaving a warm fuzziness there. Steve was sure it was the adrenaline rushing, making his heart beat faster, uneven.

Their summer days were mostly spent working, in the mall, and with the kids. Occasionally Nancy and Jonathan and Robin hanged out with them, at the quarry or where ever they decided too. Steve's pool was frequently filled with kids and teens and Steve liked to have some life in the big and empty house. It was a nice change even if the past few months Billy had practically been living there. First they slept in different rooms, Steve as a good host he had been brought up to be, had fixed everything for Billy. Soon he refused to be waited on by Steve and they became more like roommates. At a point Billy did his things after works and usually showed up quite late to just sleep but Steve didn't ask. And it didn't continue for long, Steve guessed he had some girl in the run but it apparently didn't last. Steve's insides twitched weirdly every time he thought about Billy with a girl.

After Nancy he felt lost, too self conscious to date. So Steve concentrated on other things. He could have at least hooked up with some one every now and then but to his fear he noticed he had lost interest in sex. Luckily not all together but random hook ups felt so meaningless. Maybe he just needed to fall in love. Easier said than done, none of the girls seemed even remotely interesting. Maybe the break up had taken a bigger toll on his heart than he let him believe. Maybe he just needed time, he convinced him self. Billy joked to him about it, getting back on the horse but soon grew tired of Steve's lack of reactions to the jokes. Even the kids asked him about it and tried to make sure to Steve that he could do something without them some times, it would be totally fine. They started to get into things like dating them selves and got concerned for the former fuck boy King Steve's indifferent attitude towards dating. Whatever, they soon grew tired of never getting anything out of Steve. How could he answer the twigs if he didn't know himself what was up?

Awhile after Billy's fling or whatever ended they started getting closer, their dynamic changing a bit. Steve had been lonely his whole childhood and wasn't used to showing affection or anything but he had to learn with Dustin and the kids. They had not yet been corrupted by the social norms of society and hugging each other wasn't weird at all. Steve though, was very social and friendly and

found himself actually being very touchy. He ruffled the kids hair when ever they went by, hugged them back when they clung to him or tried to climb on his back and sometimes cuddles with them when they watched movies at his place. He did the same with Jonathan and Nancy, and every time they met at Byers he hugged both Joyce and Hopper. And this closeness soon crept into his friendship with Billy too. More play wrestling, Billy slung his arm around Steve's shoulder, one armed brief hugs every time they saw each other, squeezing at the shoulder or leg or whatever when they sat down besides each other. It freed a whole new level of their friendship.

Billy ended up sleeping in Steve's room and soon they shared the bed. Steve had a king size bed after all and they both had plenty of space in it. They sometimes woke up almost cuddling, close enough to feel the hot gush of air of the other ones breath against their skin, or one had flung their arm across the other boys' chest. It could have been weird but it wasn't. But they never spoke of it.

In the middle of the summer Steve noticed he started to look forward to the accidental cuddling. He felt all fluttery and tingly about it. It was a weird sensation but after feeling emotionally numb he let himself feel something. Billy didn't seem to mind about anything and Steve let it be.

The summer fledted by, hot lazy days by the quarry with the kids, cooler rainy days enjoying movies or D&D campaigns at Steve's place and working in between. Billy got even tanner than he was when they first came to Hawkins and Steve started to notice his body. How the muscles flexed under the golden skin, how the curves flowed full and round over his arms, shoulders, chest, abs, legs and ass. Billy was a really good looking, handsome guy, you had to be blind not to see it, but the realization of the amount of time Steve spent admiring the curves of his muscles felt a bit freaky he had to admit. And he could live with that, manage his inner turmoil, ignore the heat pooling around his spine. Until Billy caught him looking, smirking at Steve. He felt a deep red heat creep up his face and blushed looking away. They never spoke of it either.

Steve tried his best to ignore Billy but he made it very hard. Billy had always been a lot, extra, and he didn't exactly tone it down. As a matter of fact it got worse. Ever since he had caught him looking. But

it had to be a coincidence right? Steve was only imagining things, his stupid brain over thinking it. Right?

One Saturday in late August was a pool night at the Harrington's. They all were there and as oppose to earlier Saturdays even Joyce and Hopper had joined them. And the kids were sleeping over at Byers, not Steve's. Steve felt stupidly jealous about it but didn't get to dwell on it for long. After well past the fall of dark, after almost all the pizzas had been eaten, more than a few beers downed, the kids wished goodnight and on their way home a very tipsy Steve and one beer from drunk Billy were left alone. They had been listening to some records on Steve's dads record player and the kids had argued about almost every single song. Steve's favorite record was playing. His favorite song came on and an alcohol dazed mind felt like dancing. Steve was actually quite good at dancing even if he was only goofing around. He turned up the music mid song and a laughing Billy was dragged on the middle of the living room floor. He fought back but Steve didn't listen. He knew Billy was more of a rock blasting metal head but the beers he had downed were on Steve's side.

They danced around and Billy followed Steve's example on all the goofy dance moves. Steve felt free, wild, and hadn't enjoyed him self this much for awhile. he jumped around the living room, sang along and Billy laughed at him. Billy drank the last of his beer in a few big chugs and put the empty bottle away. Steve jumped around him and grabbed his hands. They danced around holding hands like dancing around the Christmas tree. The song changed to a slow one and Steve was so in the mood that he started swaying. Billy was a bit too drunk to resist Steve. He took Steve around the waist like the proper hold for waltz and they danced around the living room. Billy even pushed Steve, guiding him gently to do a spin. Steve did a pirouette under Billy's raised hand and messed it up and somehow ended up his back against Billy's chest. He fumbled with his steps and almost toppled over but Billy's strong arm was around his waist in no time supporting him and keeping him upright. Steve laughed and relaxed into Billy's arms after the brief panic of actually falling dripping off him.

Even if he was tipsy, even if he was dumb he felt the change in the

atmosphere, the heaviness clouding the air. Billy shifted a bit behind him but instead of easing his grip around Steve's waist he held him closer. Steve froze, he could feel Billy's deep hot breath against his skin. He shivered and instinctively tilted his head a bit feeling Billy's breath ghosting over his neck. Steve closed his eyes and felt goosebumps rising all over. Billy exhaled again, lips too ghosting over Steve's neck. He tilted his head a bit more and Billy ran his lips ever so softly over his neck. Leaving a trace of scorching heat behind, Steve shivered to the touch.

-God I want to kiss you. Billy whispered into Steve's neck breath warm and moist.

Steve realized he would want nothing more than Billy to kiss him. He realized what it meant and freaked out. It felt like falling into a well, sharp stones cutting you while falling down, down, splashing into ice cold water after being ripped open. Freezing and bleeding, trying to keep your head over water while being weighed down by an irrational lust, a craving you shouldn't feel. Steve breathed in hard, the air burning his lungs and stars twinkling in his vision. He manage to escape Billy's hold and turns to look at him. Billy's blue eyes are warm and hazy, pupils dilated and lids heavy. Steve stutters something, he doesn't know what, he only hears the rush of blood in his ears. "Sorry" he push out with a deep breath and see the moment when disappointment, sadness then anger flicker in Billy's eyes. Steve storm off to the bathroom and the door slams shut with a heavy thud. Steve sinks down on his knees. He hears the front door slam and even in this state understands to listen if the car revs to life on the yard. The record keep playing softly in the living room as the silence falls in without anymore noise in the bathroom until Steve realize he's sobbing, tears running down his cheeks.

*As I take your hand and lead you to the dance floor
As the music dies, something in your eyes
Calls to mind the silver screen
And all its sad good-byes*

*Time can never mend
The careless whispers of a good friend
To the heart and mind
Ignorance is kind*

*There's no comfort in the truth
Pain is all you'll find*

*I'm never gonna dance again
Guilty feet have got no rhythm
Though it's easy to pretend
I know you're not a fool*

*Should've known better than to cheat a friend
And waste the chance that I've been given
So I'm never gonna dance again
The way I danced with you*

*Never without your love
Tonight the music seems so loud
I wish that we could lose this crowd
Maybe it's better this way
We'd hurt each other with the things we'd want to say
We could have been so good together
We could have lived this dance forever
But no one's gonna dance with me
Please stay*

*Now that you're gone
What I did's so wrong, so wrong
That you had to leave me alone*

Steve made it out of the bathroom only to get to hear George Michael sing about a careless whisper that messed up a friendship. How could the universe be so cruel?

The song fades away and the record stops all together leaving a hyperventilating, panicking Steve behind. Panicking because Billy wanted to kiss him. Panicking even more because he really, really, *really* wanted to kiss back. This was not what Steve expected. Not at all what he had planned. He didn't want it, or wish for it to happen. Quite the opposite. He had never, ever, *ever*, thought he would fall in love with Billy, or a guy in the first place either. Now he had to admit it. He had fallen in love with Billy Fucking Hargrove. And by the

looks of it Billy felt at least something similar for Steve. So where exactly was the problem?

Steve's mind was blank, nothing made any sense anymore. He felt turned inside out, wrung dry. Wrong, sick. But how could he be all that? He had learned to be a good guy. Is it wrong? Steve fumble, turn around and hit the wall. The sudden pain shoots up his arm, his knuckles cracking and pulsating. The rush of adrenaline stops the panicking and suddenly Steve feels calm. Sees clearly. There is nothing left. He doesn't give a single fuck about what's right and wrong. If he is right or wrong. Looking an ugly flower faced teeth filled pit of hell in the eye and surviving not to do what the fuck he really really *really* wants is a disgrace to the second chance he has been given.

Steve storm out of the house. How long has it been since Billy left? A few minutes? Half an hour? Shit! He run down the driveway to the road. Which way? left or right? Steve look both ways. Closes his eyes and exhales. And sprints to the right. It feels right. Suddenly everything feels right, Billy feels right. He jogs away along the road, hoping, wishing, praying it's not too late.

-Billy?! He doesn't have to run far before he sees a figure curled up by a tree, knees to the chest, face buried in its lap. It is Billy, Shaking and breathing uneven. Clearly crying too. Steve stop a few steps from Billy, sees his bloodied hand, guessing he hit the tree like he hit the wall.

-Billy? He asks again a mere whisper. Everything feels too fragile too brittle to even speak near. Billy seems to relax the tiniest bit before he looks up to Steve. Like he wants to say something but the words never leave his lips. Steve is lost for words too. How to explain it? How to repair what he broke before? How to convince the other after so clearly rejecting him in the first place? How to show the real fragile me?

-I'm sorry. He breathes out before he even thinks it. Billy shakes his head, eyes falling down towards the ground. Slowly and with great effort he pushes himself up from the ground. Steve feels as exhausted as Billy looks. Billy look at Steve after managing to straighten up. He seems older. His eyes red and face blotchy. He shakes his head again

swallowing down the next set of sobs.

-Billy... Steve breath out. Taking a step towards him. He shakes his head again but Steve can't give up now. Something he didn't know he had in him push him forward. Reaches to touch Billy, caress his cheek. Billy turns his head away. Steve's hand fall to his side. He looks down too, feeling the tears burning behind his lids. But he can't back down. He looks at Billy, slowly turning his head back against Steve's. Their eyes meet and for a second, the briefest moment, Steve see something else than hurt and sorrow and anger, lingering behind everything else. Deep in the ocean blue stormy eyes, Steve hadn't realized just how beautiful they are, he saw a flicker of a chance. A chance ha had to take or he would regret everything for the rest of his life.

Steve was quicker than Billy, even when his reflexes were trained to their tee, and he closed the gap between them, gently grabbing Billy's face in his hands. A brief look into the ocean eyes gave Steve the last push he needed and he kissed Billy, soft and gently. Billy was tense against Steve's hands, body and lips. Steve could taste the saltiness from tears, probably from both, in the kiss. He felt Billy grimace against his mouth, lips twisting into a pained, tortured grin. Steve kissed gently, tried to be brave, not to let go too soon. To show Billy, let him know. It felt like Billy tensed up, prepared to push Steve away, maybe punch him. Steve hesitated, almost backed off, almost fainted of panic. Billy grabbed Steve's face too, a bit too forceful, this is the end, Steve was sure of it, Billy would probably kill him. Emotionally at least. But his grip relaxed, softened to a firm caress and Billy kissed back. Opened his mouth a bit, parted his lips so their tongues could meet. Deepening the kiss, they danced around each other, much like them earlier.

It felt like the world stopped, like the universe expanded, like stars being born out of dust to burn bright and then die in flames, only for the next to rise from the ashes. It felt like they were at the same time completely still and moving with the speed of light. The kiss felt ever lasting, never ending and Steve had never felt anything remotely close to this, not even with Nancy. The kiss only confirmed that he was indeed, utterly deeply in love with Billy. And he had no doubt Billy felt the same.

Steve saw stars and they broke the kiss apart to breathe, deeply and thoroughly, lungs screaming for air. Lips swollen and pulsating they rest their foreheads against each other. Both smile, grin maniacally only to let out a laugh. It's relieving, deep and guttural, and both tear up again. Steve kiss Billy again, maybe to prove a point, maybe make sure he is not hallucinating.

It's sweet and soft, like Steve and strong and so so so much, like Billy. It's everything they are and everything they wish to be. Steve break apart only to take Billy by the hand and tug him towards the house. Everything that had happened, everything he feared could go wrong and wished would go right has drained him. Steve just wants to get to bed. Cuddle on purpose. Feel Billy breathing against him, exhaling Billy's scent, he only now realized smelled like home.

They get back to the house, having trouble get there with both unwilling to let the distance grow between them any further than absolutely necessary. The house was a mess but neither had eyes for anything else than the other. Steve manage to concentrate as much as needed to lock the door and close the patio door and turn off the lights. Or well you could say they did it together, Billy was like glued against his back, arms around his chest, leaving small wet kisses all over Steve's neck. He tilted his head slightly like earlier and Billy inhales his skin nuzzling the crook of his neck.

-God I love to kiss you. He whispered while Steve turned off the kitchen lights. He manage to turn in Billy's arms so they could face each other. They're almost the same height, Steve winning with almost an inch. It only makes them fit better together, giving them the perfect angle to kiss. Steve pecks Billy's lips and smiles.

-I could say the same. He breathes into the next soft kiss. Billy deepens the kiss moaning slightly into it. Steve press himself harder against Billy and Billy tightens the hold around Steve. He might be taller than Billy but Billy is by far stronger and he lifts Steve up effortless. Steve wrap his legs around Billy's waist. Billy carry him upstairs and lay him gently down on the bed climbing in with Steve. They don't even break the kiss.

Moments later clothes are scattered around the bed and two bodies are entwined still joined by the lips. It seems that they can't stop since they started and they wouldn't have it any other way. The kisses

are soft and gentle, a time for heated and passionate kisses will come later. For now, all they need is to let the other know how they feel. Hands caress every inch of skin they can reach, arms wrap around the other tighter. Soon its impossible to tell where the one end and the other starts. As sleep start to cloud their minds the kisses shorten, become lazier, softer, until they are reduced to simply lips ghosting over lips slightly touching every now and then. they squirm into a comfortable position. Billy relax around Steve, nuzzling his neck and inhaling him. Steve kiss Billy's forehead and place his face as close as he can. Billy's hair smells faintly of tobacco, chlorine from the pool and his cologne. Steve relax and just before they both fall behind the veil of slumber Steve breathes out.

-I love you. He whispers into the blond curls and hugs tighter.

The second time this night a careless whisper is let out in the open.

Author's Note:

Careless whisper just gets me every time
and Friday evening listening to 80's songs
I just had to write this. Just had to! Sorry
not sorry.
All messing up is on me!
I took away some of the lyrics in between
but the order should be right anyway!
Cheers mate!